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CALLAN

REHEARSAL SCRIPT

"THE LITTLE BITS AND PIECES OF LOVE"

by
JAMES MITCHELL

Designed by
STAN WOODWARD

Associate Producer
JOHN KERSHAW

Producer
REGINALD COLLIN

Director
PETER SASDY

Production Assistant....Marian Lloyd
Floor Manager.....Denver Thornton
Stage Manager.....Mari Marcus
Wardrobe Supervisor....Gillian Grimes
Make Up Supervisor .....Jean Mackenzie
Graphic Designer.....Ian Kestle

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CAST

CALLAN
LONELY
HUNTER
MERES
DR. RULE
MRS. RULE
DICER
AGNES GREGORY
WAITRESS
KGB MAN
MERES ASSISTANT
SECRETARY

Non-speaking

DOCK POLICEMAN
STEVEDORES AND DOCKERS AT DOCK.
BREZHEVSKI
KGB MAN

SETS

INT. RULES' FLAT - LIVING ROOM AND BEDROOM
(RULE IS A WELL-TO-DO ACADEMIC WHO LIVES IN NORTH OXFORD)
EXT. WINDOW TO RULE'S FLAT.
LONELY'S BED-SITTER
HUNTER'S OFFICE
OXFORD RESTAURANT WITH PUBLIC PHONE
WATCHMAN'S CABIN

FILM

North Oxford Street
Wharf for Liner
CAR (Interior)

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SCENE 1. INT. RULES' LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

CALLAN OPENS DOOR, COMES IN, FOLLOWED BY LONELY.

CALLAN: All right: get on with it.

LONELY COMES TO DRAWER, OPENS IT, INSIDE IS EXPENSIVE SILVER. HIS HAND REACHES OUT.

CALLAN: Oi!

LONELY TURNS.

CALLAN: Got your gloves on?

LONELY: Mr. Callan, please.

CALLAN: We want a real professional job mate.

LONELY: That's what I'm here for, Mr. Callan.

HE STOWS AWAY SILVER, GOES THROUGH BUREAU, THEN MOVES OUT.

SC. 2. INT.RULES' BEDROOM. NIGHT.

CALLAN ENTERS. LOOKS AT ROOM PICTURE OF RULE IN CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM, MRS. RULE IN 1946-TYPE DRESS. A STRIKINGLY HANDSOME WOMAN. NEARBY A PICTURE IN A SILVER FRAME OF MRS. RULE IN 1967. STILL HANDSOME.

CALLAN: Why is it nothing ever happens to ugly women?

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HE OPENS DRESSING TABLE DRAWERS, EXAMINES DIARY AND LETTERS, TAKES OUT JEWELLERY BOX, FORCES IT, PUTS JEWELLERY IN HIS POCKET, TURNS TO DOOR THEN GOES BACK TO 1967 PHOTOGRAPH. LOOKS AT FRAME.

CALLAN: Genuine silver. Burglars always like silver. It melts.

HE TAKES PHOTOGRAPH AND GOES OUT.

SC 3. INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

LONELY HAS FINISHED, THE ROOM IS IN A MESS, CALLAN APPEARS BEHIND LONELY, WHO IS STUDYING A MINIATURE ON THE WALL.

CALLAN: Like it?

LONELY: Pretty, that is.

CALLAN: Nick it.....

SC.4. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER WITH MERES. ON HUNTER'S DESK A FILE, MARKED "SOPHIA BRIZHEVSKI". IT CONTAINS PHOTOGRAPH, MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE, IDENTITY CARD, ETC. MERES STANDING. HUNTER SMOKING SHORT CIGAR.

MERES: Brizhevski, sir! The rocket fuel expert?

HUNTER: That's the man.

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MERES: Didn't the Russians make him an Academician ten years ago?

HUNTER: They did indeed, Meres. Do sit down.

MERES: Thank you. (HE SITS)

HUNTER: It's his wife we're interested in at the moment, however. This lady. (HE HANDS PHOTOGRAPH TO MERES) Sophia. Currently known as Mrs. Rule.

MERES: Rule?

HUNTER: He's a psychologist. Does research at Oxford, among other things. Haven't a light, have you? Can't seem to keep this damn thing in this morning.

MERES: Sorry, sir. I haven't.

HUNTER SEARCHES A DRAWER FOR MATCHES. BUZZES SECRETARY.

SECRETARY: Yes, Mr. Hunter?

HUNTER: Get me some matches, will you?

TURNS BACK TO MERES.

She was in a displaced persons camp near Bonn, from October '45 to June '46. Hysteria case. Saved from permanent insanity by Rule. He was a psychologist attached to the Army rehabilitation unit. Brought her back to England and married her.

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MERES: What about Brizhevski?

HUNTER: What indeed, Meres!

SECRETARY KNOCKS AND COMES IN WITH MATCHES WHICH SHE PUTS ON DESK IN FRONT OF HUNTER.

Thank you.

SECRETARY: Callan's here, sir.

HE IS LIGHTING CIGAR.

HUNTER: Oh good. Send him in, will you?

SHE GOES. HE CONTINUES TO LIGHT CIGAR.

MERES: Shall I go, sir?

HUNTER: No, no. This should interest you, unless I'm mistaken. It's relevant to Mrs. Rule.

CALLAN ENTERS. HE LOOKS FROM HUNTER TO MERES TO HUNTER.

CALLAN: You don't want me to share all our secrets, do you?

HUNTER: What did you get?

CALLAN WEARING GLOVE, OPENS CHEAP ATTACHE CASE.

CALLAN: Silver candlesticks, one miniature, two silver mugs, one cup - Henley Regatta 1935, assorted jewellery, bird's picture - oh, and eighteen pound five and fourpence cash.

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HE LIFTS THEM OUT.

HUNTER: Why the picture, Callan?

CALLAN: It's in a silver frame, cock.

HUNTER: The miniature's delightful.

HE REACHES FOR IT.

HUNTER: Really exquisite.

CALLAN: Yeah. Lonely liked it too. (BEAT) A hundred quid and expenses you said. That's two second-class returns to Oxford, four pints of beer, one fish and chips, one egg and chips, and four cups of tea. It's all here.

HUNTER:You'll get it.

CALLAN: Thanks.

HUNTER:(AS CALLAN STARTS TO LEAVE) Tell me Callan - why did you go? I asked you to hire someone for a solo job.

CALLAN: He needs a minder.

HUNTER: Are you sure you're not curious about the Rule family?

CALLAN: Why should I be? I never heard of them.

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HUNTER: Because I wanted them robbed. She's a Pole. British by - adoption. (HE LOOKS AT MERES) Her name is/Brizhevski. Sophia

CALLAN: So?

HUNTER: You didn't find any evidence of this?

CALLAN: I wasn't looking for papers, mate.

HUNTER: I thought you might have come across something. (HE LOOKS HARD AT CALLAN) Knowing you.

HUNTER TAKES ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH FROM FILE. IT IS A 30's WEDDING PICTURE. SOPHIA AND A MAN IN TAILS. CONTINENTAL WEDDING GROUP. WITH IT A POLISH WEDDING CERTIFICATE.

This is her, Callan, with her first husband Dr. Andrei Brizhevski. Taken in Warsaw in 1938. He taught physics at the University. (HE LOOKS AT MERES) She seems to have a penchant for academic types.

CALLAN: I've got a penchant for big blondes. So what, Hunter?

HUNTER: Dr. Brizhevski is still alive. That's why I went to the trouble of getting these. (HOLDS UP PHOTO AND CERTIFICATE) They cost me £20.000 - and a British Passport.

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CALLAN: I wish you'd keep me in the picture, Hunter. Why couldn't you tell me this before? I'd have known what to look for.

HUNTER: My dear chap. You've done very well. We've got exactly what we needed.

CALLAN: You could have fooled me. What now?

HUNTER: Nothing, thank you. I don't need you any more....Pick up your money on the way out. (HE SCRIBBLES A CHIT)

CALLAN: Thank you very much. There's nothing like feeling you're wanted.

HUNTER: (GENTLY) Goodbye, Callan.

CALLAN, WITH A DIRTY LOOK AT BOTH OF THEM GOES.

HUNTER: You look bewildered, Meres. It changes your whole face. Makes it more boyish.

MERES: Sir, I.....

HUNTER: I like it.

MERES: He won't leave it there, you know sir. He'll check up on them, now.

HUNTER: Of course he will. He knows that's what I want him to do and he won't be able to resist. Especially now that I've told him half the story. Damn this thing.

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HE-LIGHTS HIS CIGAR YET AGAIN.

MERES: But why only half, sir?

HUNTER: Why?

MERES: I mean, I can quite see the fun you get out of playing with Callan, but is there time?

HUNTER: Time? Time for what?

MERES: I take it you're after Brizhevski.

HUNTER: Yes.

MERES: Isn't urgency involved? I mean, it usually is.

HUNTER: Oh, it's urgent all right. But Callan won't be wasting his time. I need the co-operation of Mrs. Rule - Mrs. Brizhevski. Callan doesn't know it yet, but that's what he's organising.

MERES: I'd have thought that was my line of country. Especially with this sience element.

HUNTER: Don't worry, Meres. I've not forgotten you. But I shall need you in Stockholm. Knowing your love of music....

MERES PULLS A FACE.

A trip to the opera.

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SC 5. LONELY'S FLAT . DAY.

CALLAN WITH LONELY. LONELY GETS MONEY.

LONELY: Just right, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN IS ABSORBED IN A BOOK.

CALLAN: Huh?

LONELY: Just right, I said. You go on with your reading, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: This is "Who's Who" You ever heard of it?

LONELY: I don't go in much for reading. Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: You should try it in the bath, sometime. This book is all about important people. Like this doctor here. Anthony Charles Rule, born 1909. Son of Right Reverend and Mrs. Rule. Educated Repton and Lincoln College, Oxford, N.B.B.S. 1942. Diploma in Psychiatric Medicine 1943. Then he was an M.R.C.P., then F.R.C.S, then a Reader, then a Fellow -

LONELY: Then a what Mr. Callan?

CALLAN: (SIGHS) It means he's clever.
PAUSE
CALLAN: Lonely, where could I find out about a Pole?

LONELY: A what, Mr. Callan?

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CALLAN: A bloke from Poland.

LONELY: Blimey, there must be millions -

CALLAN: This one's famous. He has to be.

LONELY: There's a Pole on the dodge round here. At least he used to be a Pole. Come over here during the war. In the Air Force. He reads the Polish papers and that. Hates the Russians. He mightknow.

CALLAN: How's he live, this Pole of yours?

LONELY: Bit of this. Bit of that. He does all right, Dicer does.

CALLAN: Of course, Dicer.

LONELY: That's right, Mr. Callan. You know him?

CALLAN: I've heard of him (PAUSE) Can he keep his mouth shut?

LONELY: If I tell him he can.

CALLAN: All right. Get him (LONELY GOES TO DOOR) And Lonely, make it quick.

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Sc.6. EXT. STREET IN OXFORD. DAY. FILM

MRS. RULE WALKS INTO CAFE. CALLAN FOLLOWS.

SC.7. INT. OXFORD CAFE. DAY.

MRS. RULE AT TABLE WITH A FRIEND, AGNES. CALLAN SITS OUT OF HER SIGHT AT ANOTHER TABLE. AT A THIRD TABLE ANOTHER MAN WATCHES.

WAITRESS COMES UP TO CALLAN.

WAITRESS: Yes, Sir?

CALLAN: Coffee please.

SHE HELPS HIM FROM TRAY. THIS IS A CALLAN AT HOME IN UNIVERSITY SURROUNDINGS. AND SO, UNOBSTRUSIVE.

AGNES: They took everything?

MRS. RULE: Everything that was valuable. My jewellery, the things Charles won for rowing - even my photograph.

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AGNES: But weren't you insured?

MRS. RULE: Oh yes. And we'll get it all back, they say, once the assessor comes from London. The money, anyway. But you can't get it all back - not things you've bought together, made together. (SHE IS SLIGHTLY TEARFUL) I am being foolish, Agnes. Forgive me.

AGNES: Of course you're not.

MRS. RULE: The worst thing is the feeling that someone has looked into your life - into all the personal and private things that one cherishes and values. The things one wants to keep a secret forever - even from one's friends. The little bits and pieces (SHE CRIES) of love.....To think that someone has put his grubby hands on all that - and stared and stared .

CALLAN GETS UP, GOES TO PHONE, DIALS, PUTS IN COIN.

LONELY: (V/O) Yeah!

CALLAN INSERTS COIN.

CALLAN: You fix it with Dicer?

LONELY: He's a bit shy, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Shy? What do you mean, shy?

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LONELY: He's not very keen. Honest Mr. Callan. He's a bad 'un.

CALLAN: You're frightening the life out of me. Did you fix him?

LONELY: My place. Tonight. Six-thirty. But watch him.

CALLAN: I'll watch him.

HE HANGS UP, LOOKS AT MRS. RULE.

HE GOES OUT. THE OTHER MAN FOLLOWS, PUTS ON SUN-GLASSES.

SC. 8. INT. LONELY'S FLAT. EVENING.

LONELY ALONE. DOORBELL RINGS. HE OPENS DOOR. DICER CROWDS HIM INTO THE ROOM.

LONELY: You said half-past.

DICER: I like to be careful. (HE LOOKS ROUND) Your friend is not here?

LONELY: He's coming. (BEAT) Very touchy, my friend is.

DICER: Worse than me?

LONELY: A lot worse.

HE MOVES CLOSER TO LONELY.

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LONELY: You touch me, and he'll hurt you - bad.

DICER: I don't wish to touch you. (HE SITS) Does this friend have a name?

LONELY: He's called Mr. Callan.

DICER IMPASSIVE.

DICER: Callan? What does he want?

LONELY: Information. He'll pay for it.

DICER: Does he know my reputation?

LONELY: Yes. I told him.

DICER: And?

LONELY: All he wants is information, you cock. What/do won't bother him.

THE DOORBELL RINGS, DICER JUMPS UP, GOES TO ANGLE OF DOOR.

DICER: Unlock it. Then get back from the door. Tell him to come in.

BELL RINGS AGAIN. DICER PRODUCES COSH.

DICER: Do it.

LONELY DOES AS DICER ORDRERS.

LONELY: Come in, Mr. Callan. It isn't locked.

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THE DOOR OPENS. CALLAN COMES IN SLOWLY, THEN SWERVES AWAY FROM THE DOOR ANGLE, AS DICER COMES OUT. CALLAN GRABS HIS WRIST,THROWS HIM AND HOLDS ON. THE COSH DROPS. CALLAN HOLDS ON TO DICER'S WRIST.

CALLAN: Good evening.

DICER: (IN PAIN) Good evening, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: LETS HIM GO, PICKS UP THE COSH.

CALLAN: Lonely always opens the door to me in person. You should remember that. And I don't like blokes who try to hit me on the head with coshes. You should remember that, too. Sit down - Mr.-

DICER: Dicer will do.

CALLAN: All right Dicer. (HE POCKETS THE COSH) You go to your church and I'll go to mine. What were you playing at, anyway?

DICER: I don't like meeting strangers. (PAUSE) Lonely says you want information.

CALLAN: That's right. (TO LONELY) Get three glasses.

LONELY GOES FOR GLASSES.

CALLAN: I want to know about a man. A Pole.

DICER: Do you know the name of this man?

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LONELY BRINGS GLASSES. CALLAN TAKES OUT FLASK AND POURS THREE - A SMALL ONE FOR LONELY.

CALLAN: (TO LONELY) Put some water in yours.

LONELY: (RESIGNED) Yes, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: His name is Andrei Brizhewski. He's a doctor of philosophy - a scientist. About 60 or so. Took his degrees at Warsaw University.

DICER: Anything else?

CALLAN: He used to be married to a woman called Sophia - back in 1938.

DICER: Used to be?

CALLAN: The war got her.

DICER: It got me also. Why do you want him?

CALLAN: I just want him.

DICER: Is he a Communist?

CALLAN: He's alive, isn't he?

DICER: I do not like Communists, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: This is for money.

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DICER: Even so. I do not like them. Before the war I had an estate. Not grand, but very pleasant. Modest affluence, I believe it is called. I was the -squire? (HE LOOKS AT CALLAN WHO NODS) People like this one (HE NODS AT LONELY) looked after my pigs out of my way. Now I am grateful to them because they introduce me to you. Before the war I would have had you arrested.

CALLAN: And that's why you don't like Communists?

DICER: That - and because they stole my estate, deported my parents and killed my brother.

CALLAN: And where were you in all this?

DICER: In the R.A.F. - defending your country.

CALLAN: And afterwards?

DICER: I became a thief, a grass, a man who lives off women. Poles are fascinated by self destruction, Mr. Callan - and very good at it. (BEAT) Perhaps I can find where this man is.

CALLAN: A hundred nicker.

DICER: I say perhaps. It is not money only.

CALLAN: What then?

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DICER: I have my hobby, Mr. Callan. Your interest may be part of it. This Brizhevski - do you wish to help him in any way?

CALLAN: No.

DICER: To harm him then?

CALLAN: No.

DICER: Mr. Callan, I am the best chance you have of finding this man, but you must put me in the picture.

CALLAN: I've got something he wants.

DICER: Ah. I see. I should like to speak to you in private.

CALLAN: (TO LONELY) Scarper.

LONELY: It's cold in the passage, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Put your coat on.

LONELY DOES SO, SIGHS, AND EXITS.

DICER: You once had difficulty with a friend of mine. A man called Gerovski. He used to help me with my hobby. Do you remember what you did to him?

CALLAN: I got him eight years' gaol. Is that why you stood behind the door with a cosh?

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DICER: I owe Gerovski that much. You broke his hand.

CALLAN: He was holding a gun at the time. He was trying to assassinate a Polish general.

DICER: He was trying to execute a murderer. I helped him. That is my hobby. To hit back at those who hurt my country. So I helped Gerovski.

CALLAN: I know.....

DICER: Ycu know?

CALLAN: You weren't important then, Dicer. You may be now.

DICER: You still work for security? (PAUSE) Why should I help you? You put my friend in gaol. You saved the life of a monster.

CALLAN: Because if you do - you could be hurting the Russians.

DICER: You swear it?

CALLAN: Yes.

DICER: I know a bit about Brizhevski. He's very powerful and very dangerous.

CALLAN: Dangerous?

DICER: He's a top scientist.

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DICER: (Contd.) Scientists are always dangerous. Especially when they're mixed up with bombs.

CALLAN: Go on.

DICER: I can't. Not now. I'll have to check.

CALLAN: I need to know, Dicer.

DICER: I was told that your word could be trusted. I hope it still can.

CALLAN: Try me.

DICER: I will I have been fighting the Russians for seventeen years, Callan. The KGB would like to get me.

CALLAN: I thought they might.

DICER: I could die tomorrow. So if a man cheats me, I take my revenge at once.

CALLAN: I'll remember.

DICER: It may take a day or two.

CALLAN: Two - No more.

DICER FINISHES HIS DRINK.

DICER: It is strange. You give me no warnings.

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CALLAN: Warnings?

DICER: How this is all secret - and I must tell no one.

CALLAN: You don't need any warnings mate. You talk and I'll kill you. And you know it.

DICER: Do you know - I believe I do (HE RISES) I must go now.

CALLAN: Goodnight. When you get the answer - phone Lonely. O.K.?

DICER NODS.

CALLAN: Here. (HE THROWS DICER THE COSH) Go and frighten an old lady.

DICER LAUGHS

DICER: I have begun to like you Callan. Perhaps it is as well - for - both of us.

HE GOES.

SC. 9. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER WITH MERES AND ANOTHER MAN (THE OXFORD TAIL)

HUNTER: So he went to Oxford?

MAN: Yes, sir.

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HUNTER: And then?

MAN SHUFFLES.

MERES: He lost him, sir.

HUNTER: (TEASINGLY) Tch! Tch! Tch!

MAN: He went into a cafe and made a phone call, sir. Long distance, I'd say.

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MERES: Lonely, sir? He's the most likely.

HUNTER: Oh dear! We'll never hear the end of this, you know. (SMILES) BUZZER. Yes?

SECRETARY: Callan, sir.

HUNTER: Good. Send him in. (HUNTER SITS BACK, SMILING) Here he is, gentlemen. Be prepared for a little acid.

CALLAN ENTERS

CALLAN: Watcher, Charlie.

HUNTER: Callan. Nice of you to look us up.

CALLAN: Just dropped in to give you a bit of advice. (HE LOOKS AT MERES AND THE OTHER MAN) Oh, that's him. (TO MAN) You're bloody useless, mate. Do you know that? (TO MERES) One of your boys, Meres? Looked like your style.

HUNTER: What's wrong, Callan?

CALLAN: He tried to follow me. Put a pair of dark glasses on. Thought they'd make him invisible.

HUNTER: Or obvious, Callan! Perhaps we wanted you to see him. (HE SMILES AT MAN) Thank you. (MAN GOES - TO CALLAN) You talked to Mrs. Rule?

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CALLAN: Mrs. Brizhevski? No. I just listened.

HUNTER: Why, Callan?

CALLAN: Because where you're concerned - I'm nosey mate.

HUNTER: I suppose I should be flattered.

CALLAN: You ascinate me. (BEAT) You should have told me about Brizhevski.

HUNTER: What about him?

CALLAN: He's big stuff. Member of the Soviet Academy. Rocket fuel expert. The best. He could do a lot of harm.

MERES: How on earth did you find out?

CALLAN: I asked, son.

HUNTER: May I enquire who?

CALLAN: Don't worry. I didn't go to a rival firm.

MERES: Who then?

CALLAN: Dicer.

HUNTER: Dicer? Oh yes, the outraged Pole. I hope he didn't over-charge you.

CALLAN: He's doing it for love.

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HUNTER: He's doing it for hate, Callan. He hates too much. It makes him careless. (BEAT) Well now - what do you propose we should do about Brizhevski?

CALLAN: Lift him?

HUNTER: It would be nice.

CALLAN: Does he know where his wife is?

HUNTER: No. But he'd like to, apparently. He's been trying to find her for years.

CALLAN: So now you want me to bring them together?

HUNTER: Something like that, Callan. Something like that. Unfortunately, you'll have to hurt her to get her co-operation. She's quite happy as she is. I don't think she'll welcome the past being dragged up.

CALLAN: That's not me, Hunter.

HUNTER PRESSES INTERCOM. KEY.

HUNTER: Can we have those stills now, please? (TO CALLAN) Watch these, will you Callan. We've got to get Brizhevski, whatever it costs. Even Mrs. Rule's sanity. Which is precisely why I didn't tell you the full story before. You had to learn for yourself the kind of power this man has and what he's doing with it.

MERES GETS UP AND DRAWS CURTAIN AS STILLS COME UP ON SCREEN. H. BOMB EXPLOSION.

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HUNTER: (CONT.) The Americans got these photographs. They had a U.2. right on the spot. This is the atomic testing station in Kazakhstan. An 80 metaton bomb and very dirty. Brizhevski made the fuel for the rocket. (STILL OF MAN IN LAB, COAT) That's him. Nice man. Quiet. Plays chess. Loves opera. Usually goes once a month. His friends' children call him 'uncle' You'd like him Callan. (STILLS END. MERES DRAWS OPEN CURTAIN) They've got a hundred-megaton bomb now. It's fall out is frightening. Drop it here and you'd wipe out the whole country. Every living thing. They've got the rocket big enough to take it - but not the fuel. By the end of the year Brizhevski will have the fuel.

CALLAN: So you want him now.

HUNTER: That would be ideal, Callan. And I can get him. He's been working too hard. He needs a rest. They're letting him out to Sweden - for a science conference.

CALLAN: And he still loves his wife!

HUNTER: Exactly, Callan. That is precisely where your Mrs. Rule comes into it. I want you to go back to her with the good news.

CALLAN: Good news?

HUNTER: You can get a letter from her for Brizhevski. And we can get it to him. The cover's all arranged.

CALLAN: But it means hurting her.

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HUNTER: Yes it does.

CALLAN: But they'll still find the fuel, won't they? Even without Brizhevski.

HUNTER: By the time they do, we'll have it too.

PAUSE

CALLAN: All right. What am I this time?

HUNTER: An insurance assessor. I seem to remember she had a burglary.

CALLAN: (LAUGHS) You've got it all worked out, mate. I've got to hand it to you.

HUNTER OPENS DRAWER AND TAKES OUT BRIEFCASE.

HUNTER: Thank you. Here's your disguise. Do a little homework, will you, for Dr. Rule's benefit.

CALLAN: She may not want to write this letter, you know.

HUNTER: She will, Callan, when you've finished with her. It's all in your notes. There are pressure points.

CALLAN: (SOURLY) Thanks very much. And I can tell her we want Brizhevski alive?

HUNTER: Of course - and we do; if it can be arranged.

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CALLAN: And if not?

HUNTER: The West will have the fuel next year. Without Brizhevski the Russians may not. I just want him, Callan. Alive if possible.

END OF ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

SCENE 10. INT RULES' FLAT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

CALLAN WITH MRS. RULE

CALLAN: He seems to have been a very clever burglar. No prints, no leads, not even an M.O. -

MRS. RULE: I don't understand.

CALLAN: Modus operandi. His method of work.

MRS. RULE: I am familiar with the Latin, Mr. -

CALLAN: Tucker. It's on my card, Mrs. Rule.

MRS. RULE: Yes, of course. He will not be caught then?

CALLAN: I very much doubt it.

MRS. RULE: And all our things -

CALLAN: Melted down, broken up, sold.

MRS. RULE: I see. (BEAT) They were very dear to me, the things that were stolen. I am not talking to you now about money, you understand.

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CALLAN: Unfortunately, money is all we can offer - if your claim is in order.

MRS. RULE: I promise you it is. We did exactly as the insurance said we should - special locks. Everything.

CALLAN: Yes. I've seen that. That's fine. But -

MRS. RULE: Well?

CALLAN: There are five houses in this row. (SHE NODS - YES) Why did the burglar choose, you, Mrs. Rule?

DR. RULE ENTERS. HE CARRIES ACADEMIC GOWN, SQUARE AND BRIEFCASE.

RULE: Sophia, I -

HE SEES CALLAN. STOPS

MRS. RULE: Charles, this is Mr. Tucker, the insurance assessor. My husband, Dr. Rule.

CALLAN: How d'you do?

RULE BOWS

MRS. RULE: We usually have a drink about this time. How about you, Mr. Tucker?

CALLAN: Scotch and water, please.

RULE: Would you get some ice, darling?

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MRS. RULE: Of course.

SHE GETS UP. THE MEN RISE. SHE GOES OUT. RULE CAREFULLY CLOSES DOOR AFTER HER.

RULE: I wish you'd come to me.

CALLAN: I tried. You're a hard man to pin down, Dr. Rule.

RULE: I live three lives. I do experimental work. I lecture - and I practise.

CALLAN: Most people want to see me at once, doctor. When I couldn't reach you, I went to your wife -

RULE: Yes, of course. Excuse me. The thing is my wife's health is not good. Her mental health, that is. Physically she's fine. But worry is bad for her. Her mental balance is - very delicate.

CALLAN: We try not to worry people doctor. On the contrary.

RULE: Believe me, I understand that. But in future I'd prefer it if you would talk to me.

CALLAN: Very well.

RULE: May I ask - what you've talked about?

CALLAN: The things that were lost. The cups for instance - she misses them very much.

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RULE: I was very proud of them. No. Vain. I rowed in the Diamond Sculls before the war.

CALLAN: There was also an emerald necklace -

RULE: My wedding gift to her.

CALLAN: Your wife loves you very much, Dr. Rule.

RULE: That's an odd thing to say on such a short acquaintance.

CALLAN: She talked about that necklace a great deal - but never about how much it cost.

AS HE SPEAKS, MRS. RULE COMES IN WITH ICE.

RULE: Thank you darling.

HE RISES, TAKES ICE FROM HIS WIFE, AND TAKES IT TO DRINKS CABINET.

RULE: I think you'd better come to my study and talk to me there, Mr. Tucker.

CALLAN: Yes, of course.

MRS. RULE: Oh, must you take him away? Mr. Tucker has been most charming.

RULE: There'll be a lot of forms to fill in Soph -

HE LOOKS AT CALLAN.

CALLAN: I'm afraid so.

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MRS. RULE: Oh, very well then. Take him. But let's have our drinks first.

SCENE 11. INT. LONELY'S FLAT. EVENING

LONELY AT EASE, ALONE, LOOKING THROUGH 'GIRLIE' MAGAZINE. BELL RINGS.

LONELY: (TO GIRL IN MAG) Sorry, darling.

HE HIDES MAG, UNDER A CUSHION, OPENS DOOR TO DICER, WHO MUSCLES STRAIGHT IN.

DICER: (HE GOES IN, SITS ON LONELY'S CHAIR) Your friend, Callan. I have some news for him. News he will like very much. Where can I reach him?

LONELY: You can't. I'll have to do that.

DICER: Don't be too important Lonely.

LONELY: I'm not being anything mate. I just can't tell you where he lives.

DICER: Get hold of him, then. I have news for him, and it is good. (HE RISES)

SCENE 12. INT. OXFORD CAFE EVENING

CALLAN FINISHES A MEAL. AGNES AT ANOTHER TABLE. WAITRESS COMES UP.

WAITRESS: Will that be all, sir?

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CALLAN: Gawd, yes.

WAITRESS SLAMS DOWN BILL, AND LEAVES. CALLAN GOES TO PAY, CHECKS, GOES TO PHONE, DIALS NUMBER.

SCENE 13. INTERCUT LONELY'S ROOM

LONELY HEARS PHONE, SLAMS DOWN MAG. AND PICKS UP PHONE.

LONELY: (ANGRY) Hallo.

INTERCUT CALLAN AND LONELY

CALLAN: Don't get mad, old son. It's bad for your halitosis.

LONELY: Sorry, Mr. Callan. I been trying to read and I've had nothing but interruptions.

CALLAN: Any more news from Dicer-

LONELY: He's been here, looking for you. Got something good, he says.

CALLAN: Right. Tell him, tomorrow night. Six. Your place.

HE HANGS UP. AS HE LEAVES HE PASSES MRS. RULE.

MRS. RULE: Mr. Tucker.

CALLAN TURNS AND NODS.

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CALLAN: Good evening, Mrs. Rule.

MRS. RULE: This is my friend, Miss Gregory.

CALLAN: AGNES: Good evening.

MRS. RULE: Mr. Tucker is my insurance assessor.

AGNES: Oh that's good. Is everything going to be settled, then?

CALLAN: I hope so, Miss Gregory. My Company always does its best.

AGNES: I don't know what's happening to Oxford. We never used to have burglaries in the old days.

CALLAN: The price of progress, Miss Gregory.

AGNES: But now everybody is obsessed with material things. Cars, refrigerators, the television. I suppose if one wants something badly enough the simplest thing is to steal it - if one has no valid standard of morality, I mean. Are you familiar with the criminal mind, Mr. Tucker?

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CALLAN: I have to be. In my work you know?

AGNES: How fascinating it must be. Please excuse me. I'm late for a meeting already.

CALLAN: Of course.

AGNES: Goodbye. Mr. Tucker. Such fun chatting. Sophia will keep us in touch. Goodbye my dear.

(SHE GOES)

MRS. RULE: Sit down, Mr. Tucker.

CALLAN: I think perhaps I'd better be going.

MRS. RULE: Please sit down. I've wanted so much to talk to you. (CALLAN SITS) My husband was afraid you might upset me, isn't that it?

CALLAN: He was.

MRS. RULE: Charles looks after me as I were a princess and he was a dragon. It was very nice -

CALLAN: Was -

MRS. RULE: We are past the age for such things. May I pour you some of the terrible coffee?

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CALLAN: No, thank you, Mrs. Rule.

MRS. RULE: Miss Gregory talks a great deal - I suppose you noticed - but she has compassion. When I was - ill, she helped me so much. (BEAT) Tell me about your work.

CALLAN: Well - to begin with, I have more than one job.

MRS. RULE: Really? I would have thought insurance -

CALLAN: That's just a sideline. My real business is watching people.

MRS. RULE: You mean you're a detective too.

CALLAN: Sometimes I have to be. People interest me. For instance - do you remember I asked you before why the burglar chose your house instead of one of the others?

MRS. RULE: Do you suppose we will ever know?

CALLAN: I know now.

MRS. RULE: But how -?

CALLAN: It's all in your background.

MRS. RULE: My background?

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CALLAN: Poland, Dachau - your first marriage.

MRS. RULE: Andrei? You know about Andrei?

CALLAN: We know the lot.

MRS. RULE: Who is 'we'?

CALLAN: I hope you'll never know.

MRS. RULE: You're not trying to blackmail me, are you?

CALLAN: You could put it that way.

MRS. RULE: But I have nothing.

CALLAN: It's not money, Mrs. Rule.

MRS. RULE: Oh for God's sake, please. What do you want?

CALLAN: I can't tell you here.

MRS. RULE: Don't you know what you're doing to me?

CALLAN: Only too well, I'm afraid. But it's all part of the treatment. Now go home - and don't talk to anyone. Least of all your husband. I'll see you tomorrow morning. Nine o'clock. Your husband'll be at the hospital then.

MRS. RULE: You're very thorough.

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CALLAN: You don't know the half of it, love. Get on home now. Just think of Andrei.

SHE LOOKS AT HIM QUESTIONINGLY.

He's alive.

AFTER A PAUSE SHE GETS UP TO GO. CALLAN MOVES AGAIN TO PHONE. DIALS, HOLDS COIN READY.

SECRETARY: (V/O) Yes?

CALLAN INSERTS COIN.

CALLAN: Charlie please.

PAUSE.

HUNTER: Charlie.

CALLAN: It's all set, Hunter. I'll get what you want in the morning.

HUNTER: How much have you told her?

CALLAN: Enough.

HUNTER: Does she know Brizhevski's still alive?

CALLAN: Yes.

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HUNTER: In that case we'd better keep a watch on her. We don't want her running to him, do we?

CALLAN: I'll look after that, Hunter. I don't trust those amateurs Meres is supposed to train.

HUNTER: You sound unusually tetchy, Callan.

CALLAN: When this lot's over I think she'll probably go crazy.

HUNTER: That bothers you?

CALLAN: Yeah. It bothers me.

HUNTER: Try thinking about that hundred megaton bomb. That should bother you even more.

SC. 14. INT. RULES' FLAT. EVENING.

RULE SITS WORKING. MRS. RULE ENTERS.

RULE: How was Agnes?

MRS. RULE: As usual. (PAUSE) I thought you had a meeting tonight.

RULE: I did... But I was worried about you.

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MRS. RULE: I'm all right, Charles.

RULE: Let me get you something.
(HE RISES)

MRS. RULE: No, darling. Thank you.
I had some coffee with Agnes.

PAUSE.

Charles...

SHE MOVES TOWARDS HIM, HE EMBRACES HER.

RULE: Darling...

SHE IS TEARFUL AGAIN...

MRS. RULE: I couldn't live without you,
Charles. You know that, don't you?

HE LOOKS AT HER.

RULE: Was anyone else with you, tonight.

MRS. RULE: (SHAKES HER HEAD) Just
Agnes... and Mr. Tucker.

SC. 15. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. EVENING.

MERES ENTERS.

HUNTER: Brizhevski's on his way to
Stockholm now. Three KGB men with him.

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MERES: They really need him, don't they? Have we anyone there?

HUNTER LOOKS QUIZZICALLY AT MERES.

HUNTER: He's going to the opera tomorrow night. Our man will be there. And so will you. I know you're tone deaf. But never mind.

MERES: What about the letter, sir?

HUNTER: Callan will get it. You think you're tough on women Meres?

MERES: I know I am sir.

HUNTER: Do you know, I think Callan can be even tougher.

SC. 16. FILM. STREET IN NORTH OXFORD.

CALLAN DRIVES TO THE RULES' FLAT.

SC. 17. INT. FLAT. DAY.

MRS. RULE OPENS DOOR TO CALLAN.

MRS. RULE: You're very prompt.

CALLAN: I have to be love. I'm in a hurry...the doctor's gone?

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HE LOOKS AROUND.

MRS. RULE: I wish you'd come to the point. Mr. Tucker. What do you want?

CALLAN: One letter.

MRS. RULE: I beg your pardon?

CALLAN: One letter - to your husband.

MRS. RULE: But Charles is with me all the time.

CALLAN: I mean Andrei; Charles isn't your real husband, Mrs. Brizhevski - is he? Bigamy they call it.

MRS. RULE: Oh, my God.

CALLAN: It's rough. All right. But I'm in a hurry.

MRS. RULE: What do you know about Andrei?

CALLAN: Enough.

MRS. RULE: I saw his picture once. Years ago. When the Russians made him an academician. I thought he was dead.

CALLAN: You hoped he was.

MRS. RULE: Maybe. I love Charles so much you see.

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CALLAN: But you're not married to him.

MRS. RULE: Will you tell Charles?

CALLAN: No. And you won't either.

MRS. RULE: What will happen to Andrei?

CALLAN: None of your business love. But I'll tell you. He'll come and work for us.

MRS. RULE: You won't - hurt him?

CALLAN TAKES LETTER FROM BRIEFCASE.

CALLAN: Just write, Mrs. Brizhevski. Write exactly what it says.

SHE READS THE LETTER.

MRS. RULE: It is in Polish.

CALLAN: Of course it's in Polish. The man who sent me isn't a fool.

MRS. RULE: (READING) But this is not true. I am not like this. Charles and I are - happy.

CALLAN: Write it down, Mrs. Rule.

SHE OPENS DRAWER FOR WRITING PAPER.

CALLAN: No. On this. (HANDS HER CHEAP NOTE-PAPER)

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ENTER RULE.

RULE: I thought it would be you.

CALLAN: Did you now?

RULE: Why is my wife crying? She said she'd seen you. What the hell is all this?

CALLAN: She's had bad news. (TO MRS. RULE) You want to tell him?

MRS. RULE: He knows. (TO RULE) It is about Andrei. They want me to write to him.

CALLAN: You know he's still alive?

RULE: I know.

CALLAN: We want him.

RULE: May we ask who 'we' are?

CALLAN: One of you has already. No.

RULE: And if my wife refuses - ?

MRS. RULE: I don't refuse.

CALLAN: She's in a nervous state, doctor. The shock of being tried for bigamy wouldn't do her any good. (RULE MOVES IN ON CALLAN) You're

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CALLAN: (CONT/D) too old for it, mate. I'd take you apart, and then we'd be back where we started.

RULE: You're saying we have no choice.

CALLAN: That's right. (BEAT) If you hadn't been so clever you'd never even have known it had happened. (TO MRS. RULE) Get on with it love. I haven't got much time.

SHE LOOKS AT RULE, WHO NODS. HER VOICE HEARD AS SHE WRITES.

MRS. RULE: (S.O.V.) My dearest Andrei, it was only the other day that I learned, to my great joy, that you were still alive. I saw your picture in a magazine, and it said that you would be attending a meeting of scientists in Stockholm.

FADE OUT VOICE.

RULE: You realise what effect this could have on my wife?

CALLAN: You're the doctor.

RULE: Twenty-three years ago she was in Dachau. Waiting for extermination. Her mind was - not broken, exactly - but far from balanced. It took all my skill to bring her back. Now you -

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CALLAN: I know that too.

HE WATCHES MRS. RULE WRITE.

MRS. RULE: (S.O.V.) I have been very ill. It seems likely that I may die soon. My heart, they say. After Dachau it was never strong. My darling, I would so much like to see you again, just once more. There is a friend here in England who can arrange this. He belongs to a Free Polish Organisation. It has brought

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MRS. RULE: (Contd) many people to England. Please say that you will come to, if only for a little while.

RULE: What is she writing?

CALLAN: A whole lot of lies.

RULE: How in the name of God can you justify this?

CALLAN: That isn't my job, doctor. I just came for the letter. (MRS. RULE PUTS DOWN THE PEN) Fine. Now the envelope. Just his name - the way you used to write it. (SHE HESITATES) Write his name, love. (SHE WRITES IT) Now put the letter in the envelope. (SHE OBEYS, CALLAN PUTS THE LETTER IN HIS BRIEFCASE) (RISING) That's it then.

RULE: This is intolerable, Tucker.

CALLAN: Yes! We'll have to borrow your wife for a couple of days. Just to identify her old man.

RULE: Damn you -

HE GRABS FOR CALLAN, WHO FENDS HIM OFF EASILY.

CALLAN: Think doctor. Think. That's how you make your living, isn't it?

RULE: All right. Two days. And afterwards?

CALLAN: I'll leave the insurance business.

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SCENE 18. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY

HUNTER WITH MERES

HUNTER: The letter is perfect, according to our boffin. (HE SEALS THE ENVELOPE, HANDS IT TO MERES) Have a good trip.

MERES: Thank you sir.

HUNTER: A nice, quiet job, Meres. Leave it to the local man if you can. (MERES TRIES TO INTERRUPT) The KGB don't know you Meres. Be thankful. Off you go.

MERES: Very good sir.

HUNTER: Life's full of surprises isn't it? Whoever thought I'd see you playing Cupid?

SCENE 19. INT. LONELY'S FLAT. EVENING.

CALLAN ALONE. KNOCK AT DOOR.

CALLAN: Come in. It isn't locked, Dicer.

DICER ENTERS. HE SMILES.

DICER: Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: What's the good news, mate?

DICER: This Brizhevski - he was once married?

CALLAN: Yeah.

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DICER: But he lost his wife, you said?

CALLAN: I thought so.

DICER: The good news is this, Callan. His wife is alive again. My information is very serious - and very accurate.

CALLAN: Go on.

DICER: Brizhevski has a flat in Warsaw. Somebody broke into it a little while ago. They stole a lot of things - including Brizhevski's wedding picture and his marriage certificate. When this was known, the Polish security people told the KGB.

CALLAN: Do you know why?

DICER: Everything that happens to Brizhevski is important to the KGB. There is something else, also... But I have not full information. The Poles in London forget too easily - and in Poland it is all so dangerous.

CALLAN: Give me what there is.

DICER: The KGB also think that British Intelligence took some records from a D.P. camp in Bonn.

CALLAN: Do they know what those records were?

DICER: I think they know. But I do not.

CALLAN: Do you know where the wife is?

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DICER: No. But they know. Now the KGB are looking for her also.

SCENE 2C. EXT. OXFORD STREET

MRS. RULE BEING FOLLOWED BY TWO KGB MEN.

END OF ACT TWO

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ACT THREE

SCENE 21. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. NIGHT

HUNTER AT DESK. WORKING. CALLAN STANDING IN FRONT OF HIM.

CALLAN: They're on to us, mate.

HUNTER DOES NOT LOOK UP.

HUNTER: Who?

CALLAN: The KGB.

HUNTER: Who told you that?

CALLAN: Dicer.

HUNTER LOOKS UP

HUNTER: Do you believe him?

CALLAN: Why not? He's nothing to gain.

KNOCK AT DOOR. SECRETARY COMES IN.

HUNTER: At least we should assume he's right.

SECRETARY: This just came through sir.

HUNTER: Thank you. (HE TAKES THE TELEX AND BEGINS TO READ. SECRETARY GOES. HUNTER LOOKS BRIEFLY AT CALLAN) Sit down, Callan. Won't be a moment.

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CALLAN DOES NOT SIT.

PAUSE. HUNTER PUTS PAPER DOWN. LOOKS AT CALLAN

HUNTER: At any rate, all's well with Brizhevski, so far. He walked out of the opera, went to the loo, knocked put his escort with a hairbrush, then took a taxi to the hotel, grabbed his passport and straight for the plane, for Oslo. Meres delayed the KGB, long enough apparently to make them miss him. Then followed on himself. They went from Oslo to Bergen and they're both now on a ship for Newcastle, without the KGB. They dock tomorrow morning.

CALLAN: Nice and tidy!

HUNTER: If it is Brizhevski.

CALLAN: They're going to a lot of trouble if it isn't.

HUNTER: They always do.

HE PRESSES INTERCOM BUZZER

SECRETARY: Yes sir?

HUNTER: Come in again, will you? (TO CALLAN) Now, assuming Dicer is not a liar, and as you say there's no reason why he should fabricate this, the KGB will be on to Mrs. Rule very quickly. (SECRETARY ENTERS) You'd better get down there. Fast. If she's not at home, Callan, find her, whereever she is, and take her to Newcastle. I'll meet you there in the morning. (TO SECRETARY) Callan will want a fast car, now. To Oxford. And I want to get to

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HUNTER: (Contd) Newcastle by early morning. Will you see to it?

CALLAN: And how do I get Mrs. Rule to Newcastle?

HUNTER: Oh, we'll keep the RAF employed. (TO SECRETARY) Get on to the Air Ministry, will you? And lay on a helicopter.

SCENE 22. EXT. RULES' HOUSE. NIGHT (FILM)

CALLAN APPROACHES.
LONELY COMES OUT OF SHADOWS.

LONELY: Mr. Callan! Mr. Callan!

CALLAN TURNS TO HIM

CALLAN: Is she still there, Lonely!

LONELY: Yes, Mr. Callan. And her old man. But there's two other geezers went in about ten minutes ago. Foreigners they look like to me.

CALLAN: Two?

LONELY: Yes.

CALLAN: Right mate. Well you just stick here and watch. And Lonely, keep out of sight.

LONELY: You're joking -

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SCENE 23. INT. RULES FLAT. NIGHT.

DR AND MRS RULE WITH KGB MEN.
HE HAS A PISTOL.

KGB: You are very quiet, doctor.

RULE: I'm thinking.

KGB: What? What are you thinking?

RULE: My thoughts are private.

KGB: Are they? Perhaps you are wondering why you should help us to keep Brizhevski! You think you're betraying your country to save your wife! You are doctor. In the West that is no doubt an admirable thing to do. 'If I have to choose between saving my country and saving my friend, I hope I should have the decency to save my friend'. One of your writers said that.

RULE: E.M. Forster.

KGB: Soon we shall leave here. For two days. After that - you can go on being just as you were before. I think the word is futile, Dr. Rule. (TO MRS. RULE) You will have your darling Sophia to look after. How long before she betrays you too, doctor?

MRS. RULE: Please -

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KGB: Please? What kind of word is that? You endanger five years of work - the security of my country - and all you can say is please? (SHE TURNS AWAY, WEEPING, KGB SMILES) Her crying is too noisy. Put on the radio, doctor. No jazz, please. No pops.

RULE FINDS SYMPHONY CONCERT ON THE RADIO.

SCENE 24. EXT. FLAT WINDOW. NIGHT.

CALLAN AT WORK ON WINDOW.
FROM INSIDE, SOUND OF BRAHMS' SYMPHONY, LOUD. CAUTIOUSLY HE OPENS WINDOW OUTWARD. THE CURTAIN BELLOWS, HE HOLDS IT WITH HIS HAND.

SCENE 25. INT. FLAT. NIGHT.

KGB: This is music, doctor. Real music.

RULE SEES THE RIPPLE IN THE CURTAINS. KGB DOESN'T.

RULE: It's Brahms. A German bourgeois.

KGB: One of my favourites.

RULE: I doubt it. His values were E.M. Forsters.

KGB GETS UP, MOVES TO RULE.

KGB: This isn't a seminar, doctor.

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CALLAN COMES THROUGH WINDOW.

CALLAN: Oi. (KGB TURNS. CALLAN FIRES TWICE. KGB FALLS DEAD. THE OTHER RUNS. MRS. RULE SCREAMS. CALLAN WALKS INTO ROOM) It's too late for that love. Shut up. (SHE SCREAMS ON) I'll belt you.

SHE STOPS.

SCENE 26. RULES' HOUSE. NIGHT. (FILM)

MAN EMERGES. HURRIES AWAY.
LONELY COMES OUT OF SHADOWS. FOLLOWS.

SCENE 27. RULES' HOUSE. NIGHT

KGB LIES DEAD ON FLOOR.
MRS. RULE CALMER NOW BUT STILL HORRORSTRUCK.

CALLAN SEARCHES KGB BODY.

CALLAN: Twenty quid and a pistol. Not much for a life's work is it?

RULE: You're a particularly brutal man, aren't you Tucker?

CALLAN: I live my life, mate.

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RULE: I watched you kill just now. Your face showed me nothing. Nothing at all.

CALLAN: I was busy, doctor. (TO MRS. RULE) I'm sorry about this but we want you in Newcastle, Mrs - Brizhevski.

RULE: Don't you realise that my ..... that my wife is very upset and very frightened, Tucker. And so am I. Can't you leave us alone? We've done what you asked. This is a nightmare for us. For her especially.

CALLAN: If this is a nightmare, mate, a bigamy trial would be hell.

HE LOOKS ROUND FOR PHONE. SEES IT. GOES TO IT. DIALS.

SECRETARY: (V/O) Yes?

CALLAN: Charlie please.

MRS. RULE: I'll go with you, if I must.

CALLAN: Good. (INTO PHONE) Charlie?

SC. 28. INT. CAR TRAVELLING. FILM.

HUNTER IN BACK OF CHAFFEUR-DRIVEN CAR. HE IS SPEAKING INTO RADIO TELEPHONE.

HUNTER: How many were there?

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CALLAN: Two. One's dead.

HUNTER: The other?

CALLAN. Got away.

HUNTER: Anyone on to him?

CALLAN: That's in hand, mate.

HUNTER: He'll probably be wanting to join us in Newcastle. You will be coming, Callan?

CALLAN: Oh yes, Hunter. I'll be there.

HUNTER: And Mrs. Rule?

CALLAN: We'll see you at the docks.

SC. 29. INT. RULES' LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

CALLAN: Got any brandy?

RULE: Do you always drink after you've killed?

CALLAN: For your wife, Rule. I think she could use it.

PAUSE

RULE: In the study.

CALLAN GOES

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MRS. RULE: Should I go?

RULE: You must, Sophia. But I'll be with you.

MRS. RULE: Oh Charles, Charles. I'm so sorry.

SHE BREAKS DOWN, HE COMFORTS HER. CALLAN RETURNS WITH BOTTLE AND GLASS. HE POURS A DRINK FOR MRS. RULE AND GIVES IT TO HER. SHE DRINKS.

RULE: (INDICATING BODY) Can't you do something about that, Mr. Tucker?

CALLAN: Someone'll be along as soon as we've gone. Believe me, in twenty minutes you won't know anything has happened.

RULE: It's very unpleasant.

CALLAN: It's not my idea of a honeymoon either, mate.

FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS. CALLAN, CAUTIOUSLY, GOES TO OPEN IT. LONELY STANDS OUTSIDE. CALLAN GOES OUT TO TALK TO HIM RATHER THAN BRING HIM IN.

CALLAN: Oh my God, Lonely. Couldn't you phone?

LONELY: I didn't have no tanners. I don't want to come in, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: And I don't want you in, mate. Where'd he go?

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LONELY: Train. To Newcastle. Change King's Cross. Arrives six o'clock in the morning. Second Class he went. Common that is.

CALLAN: Single?

LONELY: Yes, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: And he didn't rumble you?

LONELY: Mr. Callan!

CALLAN: You sure?

LONELY: Would I be here if he had?

CALLAN: All right. Scarper.

LONELY: Thanks Mr. Callan.

HE GOES. CALLAN RETURNS TO THE LIVING-ROOM.

CALLAN: Looks as if your Andrei's going to have quite a reception committee waiting for him at Newcastle.

MRS. RULE LOOKS AT CALLAN. HE NODS AT THE BODY.

CALLAN: (CONT) That's where the other one's gone.

MRS. RULE LOOKS AT RULE WHO AGAIN COMFORTS HER.

MRS. RULE: I'll have to go, won't I?

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RULE: We'll both go.

CALLAN: O.K. - but you (HE POINTS TO RULE) Keep out of sight.

SC. 30. EXT DOCKSIDE. DAWN. FILM.

FILM: SHOT OF SHIP COMING IN TO BERTH.

SC. 31. INT. WATCHMAN'S CABIN. DAWN. (STUDIO)

MRS. RULE AND CALLAN SIT HUDDLED UP. CALLAN GOES TO WINDOW, LOOKS AT SHIP.

MRS. RULE: Is it time?

CALLAN: No....not yet. (HE TURNS LOOKS AT HER) You tired?

MRS. RULE: Not for sleep. I can never again be tired for sleep.

CALLAN: Look - that bloke was in the KGB. You know what that means?

MRS. RULE: Every Pole knows what that means.

CALLAN: If I'd given him half a chance he might have killed me -

MRS. RULE: Life is not so important to me.

CALLAN: Or your husband?

MRS. RULE: Which husband?

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CALLAN: The one you love, Mrs. Rule. (BEAT) Did you ever hear what Brizhevski is doing?

MRS. RULE: I knew only that he was famous. Andrei always had a flair - a special quality. I was very glad for him. I have always known that Andrei would be a great man. I do not love him - but I can be glad for him.

CALLAN: He's developing a rocket fuel. For a rocket that carries a nuclear warhead. It's a good fuel, Mrs. Rule. The best.

MRS. RULE: And you want it.?

CALLAN: Yeah.

MRS. RULE: So that you can / drop , nuclear war-heads on them? Your argument does not interest me any more. I have seen so many people die - One day I think it will not interest you, either.

HUNTER ENTERS.

HUNTER: Is she all right?

CALLAN: She'll do.

HUNTER: (LOOKS AT HER) Now listen carefully, please. I want no mistakes. Here is a picture of Brizhevski. Do you recognise him?

MRS. RULE: Of course.

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HUNTER: Look at it.

MRS. RULE: This is Andrei.

HUNTEP: Good. A man who looks like that is on the ship. He'll walk along the side of the dock - there.

SC. 32. EXT. SHOT OF DOCK, WITH SHIP TYING UP. FILM.

HUNTER: (V.O.) Can you see clearly? It's quite close.

MRS. RULE: (V.O.) I can see.

HUNTER: (V.O.) There's a man there now, - reading a newspaper. Describe him.

MRS. RULE: (V.O.) He is about the height of this man - (INDICATES CALLAN) Long nose, thin mouth, dark eyes, his tie is green - knitted, I think.

SC. 33. INT. WATCHMAN'S CABIN. (STUDIO)

HUNTER: All right. You can see. Now - when Brizhevski goes past - if you're sure it is Brizhevski - you will go out of the door and call out - to him - one of us will pretend to hold you back. (MRS. RULE LOOKS AT HIM) He loves you very much. He's risked his life to find you. It would be only natural for him to come to your rescue, Mrs. Rule.

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MRS. RULE: And once he comes to me - what do I say to him?

HUNTER: Say whatever you wish to madam. You won't see him again.

CALLAN WATCHES OUT OF WINDOW.

SC. 34. FILM: SHOTS OF SHIP. LOW LOADER RUNS ALONG THE DOCKS CARRYING LUGGAGE.

CALLAN: (V.O.) He won't be long.

SC. 35. INT. WATCHMAN'S CABIN.

HE TAKES OUT GUN, CHECKS IT, PUTS IT BACK.

MRS. RULE: You will kill him too.

HUNTER: Mrs. Rule - be sensible. We want him alive, others may not.

CALLAN OPENS THE WINDOW. LOOKS OUT WITH GLASSES

MRS. RULE: I'm cold.

CALLAN: It'll soon be over.

SC 36. FILM. GANGPLANK GOES INTO PLACE.
PASSENGERS LINE SIDE OF SHIP.

MRS. RULE: (V.O.) I think I see him.

HUNTER: (V.O.) Wait until you're sure.

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MRS. RULE: (V.O.) Yes. Yes. It is Andrei.

SC. 37. INT. CABIN.

MRS. RULE: (BEAT) But he is so old. (PESSENGERS BEGIN TO COME OFF SHIP) And you say he still loves me?

HUNTER: He's been looking for you for over twenty years. He even got the Russian government to look for you.

MRS. RULE: And he must be very important to them.

HUNTER: He's important to all of us.

MRS. RULE: I wonder if he will love me when he sees me. (BEAT) I am old, too.

HUNTER: Do you want him to?

MRS. RULE: No. But I would like him to be happy.

CALLAN: He's starting to move.

SC. 38. FILM: SHOT OF ANDREI MOVING TOWARDS GANG PLANK

LOW LOADER DUMPS LUGGAGE, COMES BACK EMPTY. DRIVER GETS OUT, NEAR CABIN, MOVES AWAY.

CALLAN: (V.O.) He's nearly down.

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ANDREI MOVES DOWN GANG-PLANK. BEHIND HIM IS MERES.

HUNTER: (V.O.) Ready, Mrs. Rule? (NO ANSWER) Mrs. Rule!

MRS. RULE: (V.O.) (SIGHS) I'm ready.

HUNTER OPENS CABIN DOOR. SHE GOES TOWARDS HIM.

HUNTER: Don't forget. Call out to him. And struggle.

MRS. RULE: I won't forget.

KGM MAN CLIMBS INTO LOW LOADER. STARTS ENGINE.

HUNTER: Now. (HE PUSHES MRS. RULE INTO THE OPEN, PRETENDS TO HOLD HER) Call out to him!

MRS. RULE: Andrei! Andrei!

(SHE RUSHES OUT. BRIZHEVSKI CHECKS, SEES HER)

BRIZHEVSKI: Sophia!

HE RUNS TOWARDS HER. THE LOW LOADER DRIVES STRAIGHT AT HIM AND HITS HIM.

HUNTER: Damn!

THE KGB DRIVER JUMPS OFF. CALLAN IN DOORWAY WITH GUN.

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HUNTER: No Callan. Let Meres have him.

THE DRIVER RUNS. MERES GIVES CHASE. CALLAN PULLS MRS. RULE WELL BACK INTO THE CABIN. A SMALL CROWD, INCLUDING DOCK POLICEMAN, APPROACHES THE BODY OF BRIZHEVSKI.

HUNTER: I'd like you to leave quietly, Mrs. Rule, in a minute or two. It would be better if the police knew nothing of your part in all this.

MRS. RULE: He only spoke my name. 'Sophia', he said. 'Sophia'.

HUNTER: Look after her, Callan. I'll go and sort this out.

CALLAN: Oh sure. You sort it rate. That's your job.

HUNTER: Yes.

HUNTER GOES. CALLAN TAKES MRS. RULE AND THEY WALK ALONG THE DOCKSIDE.

END CREDITS.

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